Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVII. No. 4. MONTREAL, JANUARY 24, 1902. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

A Convert to Missions.

(By Susan Hubbard Martin, in 'The Ram's Horn.')

It was Sunday morning and the bells were ringing. The minister's wife took her summer bonnet from its wrappings with a little sigh. She had worn it for two years and the ribbons were shabby and the roses faded.

'I'm glad I'm to have a new one,' she whispered happily as she settled a crushed bow with a deft touch. 'If it hadn't been for those weddings last week, I couldn't, but now it's really possible. I've had the hardest time trying to get a bonnet,' she went on smilingly, 'seems as if there's always something more needed. Well, well, I'm not going to complain if I do wear a shabby hat. The Lord is good.'

There had been two marriages in Pine Valley in the last few days, and as a consequence, the minister's worn pocket-book held two new crisp five dollar bills.

Weddings were rare occasions in Pine Valley, for it was a small, struggling little place, and there were not a great many young people to be married in it.

The minister had looked at his wife with a tender smile. 'You can have a new bonnet now, my dear,' he had said, 'and some gloves and handkerchiefs, and a new lawn dress, perhaps. Anything you want. I noticed last Sunday, and I don't notice a great many things, dear heart, but even I, noticed that your clothes were growing a little shabby.'

The minister's little wife went up to him and kissed him. 'It doesn't matter, Herbert,' she said gently. 'I want you to know always that I am quite, quite happy.'

'Thank you, my dear,' the minister had answered with a full heart. 'Quite happy.' That was just like her brave, courageous cheerfulness that had never failed him yet. She had always been like that, always, and though the salary now was smaller than it had ever been, and the little parsonage full of shabbiness, still she never murmured. Nobody knew except the minister and his undaunted little helpmate how many contrivances were necessary in that little home to keep things looking even half-way presentable. Carpets would wear out, and furniture would give way, and then there were the children, four of them, always needing things.

There was only one rich man in the church, old Horace Stephens, and he was not inclined to be so very liberal. On one subject he was obdurate. He would never contribute a cent to missions. Whenever a missionary sermon was to be preached, he absented himself with scant apologies.

'Don't believe in 'em,' he would say in explanation of his action in the matter, 'never did. Let people give to their own churches; do the duty nearest 'em, I call it, and let outside matters alone.'

So he paid his portion toward the minister's salary, giving willingly enough to other causes, but missions—he drew the line at them.

It happened, that Sunday morning at the close of the sermon, that the church door opened and a tall, portly man with a benevolent face, walked in. It was the great home mission worker for that part of the country. There had been an accident on the train, the cars were disabled, and the missionary was forced to wait in Pine Valley until the damage could be righted, and he could go on his way.

The minister saw him first, and his worn face lighted. 'Why, Mr. Jennings,' he cried, 'what good wind has blown you our way this morning? Come up to the pulpit, please, and speak to the congregation, will you, for just a moment? I have finished my sermon, but I am sure my people will listen to you gladly.'

The missionary walked to the platform with

'CLAXTON,' HE SAID, GRUFFLY, 'I'VE COME HERE THIS MORNING TO TELL YOU YOU'RE A FOOL.'

a firm step, and old Horace Stephens fidgeted in his seat. Here was something he had not reckoned on. However, there was nothing to be done, so he settled himself back in his pew, his face set in stern and rigid lines. 'He won't get anything out of me,' he whispered, 'not a cent.'

The missionary rose and began to speak. He had a deep, musical voice, a rich vocabulary, and from the first, he held the interest of the congregation.

'It strikes me,' he began, 'every time I stand before an audience and look into its faces, that our people are not as happy as they ought to be. We forget the mercies that are new to us every morning and fresh to us every night. In this world there is a great conflict between good and evil, and we, Christians, ought to be the most joyful of all people, because (praise the Lord) we're going to win.

'I witnessed a sunrise on a mountain peak the other morning. It was cloudy, and the sun, with all its power and splendor, struggled to get through in vain. The clouds held for a time, but, by and by, red flecks dotted the gray and angry mass, then came a streak of shining glory, and lo, with a tremendous effort, before our enraptured vision the clouds were burst asunder, and there, ridin' serene in his heavens, was the victorious King of day.'

He paused a moment, then went on. 'I want to tell you of my work in the destitute districts,' he said. 'Of the saloons that flourish, one for every hundred people, and no churches. I baptized a man sixty years old, out on the plains the other day,' he added, 'and two women over fifty. There wasn't a church of any kind, so we went down to the river, and we—well, I guess we were the happiest people you ever saw.

'But, my friends, we must plant our banners in this wilderness. I know some of you don't have much sympathy for missions, but that, I firmly believe, is because you haven't

studied the matter. You haven't thought of it or prayed over it. We must help them, or God will hold us accountable. We read in God's book these words: "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." The people are eager to be fed, they do hunger and thirst, and there is, God help us, a dearth of spiritual meat.

'I drive over alkali districts where nothing flourishes but sage bush and cactus, and, I know. They haven't anything, these poor people. No Sunday-schools, no churches, and for many the discouragements are too great. By and by dust gathers on their Bibles, and they sink into darkness and desolation—lost—lost.

'We talk about the famine in India. I sometimes question which is the greater evil. Starved bodies, or starved souls.

'What do you suppose it means to be outside the pale of the Christian religion, to be beyond the reach of church bells, to never hear a sermon or a song? Oh, friends, you don't know.

'I didn't come here to appeal to you for money this morning. I know you are few in number and burdened already, but if you could make just a little offering. Can you? Will you? It isn't for me, friends, it is for him.'

The missionary sat down. There was a moment's hush. Then the minister looked at his wife. She was sitting on one of the front seats, and her eyes were wet. They both thought of the two crisp five dollar bills that were to go toward her new clothes. A question flashed in his eyes and was answered in hers. She nodded vehemently. The minister understood. He took the two five dollar bills that had meant so much to them, and slipped them into the missionary's hand. The missionary's face flushed. He was too close an observer not to appreciate the sacrifice. He rose and faced the congregation.

'Friends,' he said, a little huskily, 'your pastor here has just given me $10. That is more than he ought to give, God bless him. You all know that. Now will some one else contribute. If you haven't the money with you, you can each sign the sum you can afford to give on these little slips of paper, and the amount can be forwarded to me.'

Old Horace Stephens sat apparently unmoved, as pencils came out and papers rustled. He motioned away his slip with a grim face. 'The minister's a fool,' he said to himself. 'Why, the man's positively in need, and that little wife of his hasn't had a new bonnet for two years. Yet here they are, giving ten dollars to missions. Rubbish! I don't know as it's any of my business, but the man can't afford it. Well, well, let 'em make ducks and drakes of their little money if they will. It's nothing to me.'

He went home that morning, but he ate his dinner absently. He seemed to hear the missionary's vibrant voice full of power and pleading. He seemed to see again a sweet, shining face under a shabby hat of faded roses and worn ribbons. 'Missions—rubbish,' he said, irritably. 'But I like that little woman,' he added, his grim face relaxing a little. 'I like and respect her, and bless me if I don't hate to think of her giving up that ten dollars to missions. I don't believe in 'em, but I must own I was a little touched myself, the way that man put things, but ten dollars, poor as they are! It worries me. Bless me if it don't make me feel like doing something handsome for 'em. I'll make that ten dollars good to 'em yet, as sure as my name's Horace William Stephens.'

And Mr. Horace Stephens did do something. He walked up to the little parsonage on Monday morning. The minister was in his study. 'May I see him for just a moment?' he asked the little brown-eyed woman who came to the door.

The minister's little wife smiled. 'Come right in,' she said, hospitably, 'of course, you can see him. He'll be very glad, I know.'

Old Horace Stephens walked into the small study. He held his gold-headed cane firmly in one hand.

'Claxton,' he said, gruffly, 'I've come here this morning to tell you you're a fool—yes, a fool, sir. What did you give ten dollars to missions for yesterday? Aren't you poor enough already?'

The minister's thin face flushed. 'I'm glad I did,' he said gently. 'The mission cause lies very close to my heart. Poor? Yes, we're poor enough, but it only means a little more sacrifice and self-denial, and we're willing, aye, happy to do it.'

He looked at the grim old face opposite and hesitated a little.

'I'm going to tell you the facts,' he said. 'I—I don't often have ten dollars to give, and I had put that money away for some new things for my wife. They were two wedding fees, and they don't come often, you know, but she was willing, bless her; she wouldn't have been happy not to have given it.'

'Of course, she wouldn't,' cried old Horace Stephens with some asperity. 'Your wife's a saint. I've watched her and I know, and she shan't go without her new fixings either. Here, take this,' thrusting a slip of paper into his hands. 'Now mind, it's to go to her, all of it. No, don't thank me, I'm only a gruff, cross, selfish old man, but bless me if I don't feel ashamed of myself, and I'm going to tell you something, too. I sent that missionary some money this morning—enough to do some good. Me, old Horace Stephens, who never gave a cent in his life before to the cause, actually made a contribution to missions, and I'm glad of it, and proud of it, sir.'

He was gone. The minister looked at the slip of paper with dazed eyes. It was a cheque for fifty dollars. 'Ruth!' he called, 'Oh, Ruth!'

His wife heard and came to his side. He put his arm around her, slipping the cheque into her little work-worn hand. 'For you, darling heart,' he said, then he told her about it, adding softly the missionary's words, 'Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.'

Songs in the Night.

In a book of travels, 'In the Path of Light Around the World,' the Rev. Thomas H. Stacy tells of the experience in a shipwreck at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. Owing to heedlessness on the part of the seamen, caused by intoxication, the 'Tehihatcoff' was permitted to run upon the rocks, and was badly broken. After many hours of terrible suspense, most of those on board were brought safe to land, though for a time there seemed to be no hope for any. Speaking of the time from the striking of the vessel (about 4 a.m.), until the break of day, Mr. Stacy inquires:

'Who can describe that hour and a half, which seemed much longer, spent in the dark, sea-flooded saloon? The mighty sweep of the sea, the putting on of life preserver, the darkness—all were very trying. The pitiful cries, "Oh, Lord, save my soul," from the unsaved, assured us that this was indeed a late time to prepare to meet God. Mr. Sanford and myself bowed our heads together in prayer, each gave the other a message to carry to those at home, in case either should be drowned, and the other saved; and, then, all agitation ceased, my heart rested in quiet confidence; it was well with my soul, and I could trust all with God, even my child, to whom I had been both father and mother, and who might never understand. Another promise was proved; "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." It was true that morning upon the rocks of Jaffa, with the sea breaking over us, and no assurance of ever getting ashore.

'The two missionaries came up from below, women separated from all earthly friends; but they had bravely answered the injunction of their Lord, "Go ye, and teach." Now, they were in the hands of him who said, "Lo, I am with you alway." For a moment Miss Graybiel bowed her head upon her folded arms; and then, with as much serenity as though she sat under a mango tree in India, teaching a group of Hindu children, she said, "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." It was like a benediction from heaven; and one after another we repeated the passages from the Word of God: "He holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand;" "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waters thereof are stilled"; "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusted in thee." Some people say that there are modern poets who have written better psalms than David did, but I do not believe it; when we want verity we find it nowhere as in the "Thus saith the Lord" of the Book.'

Daniel Webster on the Bible.

Daniel Webster was not a professing Christian, but he placed the highest value on the Bible. Concerning it he once said: 'If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible our country will go on prospering, but if we and our posterity neglect its instructions and authority, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us and bury all our glory in profound obscurity.' Again he says: 'I have read it through many times. I now make a practice of going through it once a year. It is a book of all others for lawyers and divines, and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought and rules for conduct. From the time at my mother's feet or on my father's knee I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily and vigilant contemplation. If there be anything in my style or thought to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents for instilling into my mind an early love of 'the scriptures.'—'Ram's Horn.'

Mind has been defined as 'Infinite riches in a little room.' Riches suitable to the mind may easily be acquired through the columns of 'World Wide.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

On Flushing Spire.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE.

('Cottager and Artizan.')

It was noon on a bright summer's day in the year 1617, and Flushing was all agog. Men, women and children—all were deeply interested, and all were looking aloft.

For it was at the church spire that these good people were gazing and pointing. And aloft there, on the very topmost pinnacle, astride of the golden ball that blazed and flashed in the sun's rays, a figure was seated and frantically waving to the crowd below.

HIS TOES JUST REACHED THE TOPMOST SLATE.

The church-steeple was being repaired. The ladders lay along the slates; but the workmen were not there. They had gone off to their dinner. And this was no workman.

It was just a boy; and one that would catch a pretty severe flogging if he ever came down from that spire alive; which, on the face of it, seemed improbable.

Suddenly a loud shout went up. The darling urchin, gripping the weathercock with one hand, was actually dancing on top of the spire.

And then some one with sharper wits than the rest cried out:—

'He got up there by the ladder—he must have! And he can't come down, for the workmen have taken it off!'

The shouting stopped in a moment. The red faces went slowly white. A woman began to scream. At once all her sisters took up the chorus, and half a dozen more fainted.

The boy, as the shouts died away and the shrieks took their place, looked down in a puzzled manner. He saw the hands pointing, and wondered what was happening. Then it occurred to him to look about for the ladder.

It was gone.

He looked at the slates. Very nearly the whole of the spire was in bad repair; only a narrow strip of it had as yet been re-slated.

The boy chose a line that would take him over rotten slates alone, down to the parapet; and began operations. Clasping his arms tightly round the top of the ball, he lowered his body down, further and further, kicking his toes in air until they tapped against the topmost slate. They just reached.

It was a horrible moment for the lookers-on, who slowly began to comprehend his scheme. And it was daunting, too, for the boy; for if he failed to kick through the slate and get a footing, it was more than doubtful if his strength would hold out to pull himself back to the top of the ball again.

His face was towards the gilded surface, almost flattened against it. He began to feel glad that he could not look down. As he cast his eyes upward to where the weathercock glittered above, he saw it swimming giddily against fathomless blue. For a short space the deadly idea of falling took hold of his mind. The next moment he pushed it from him, and began to hammer his toes on the slates with might and main.

Below, there was not a man but went all sick and tottering as he saw the little legs waving and heard the 'tap-tap' on the slates far aloft.

Young Michiel, like most young Hollanders, wore shoes with stout iron toe-plates. It was the only way in which his parents could retard a profligate waste of shoe-leather. And these iron-plates saved him. At length he cracked a slate and pushed a toe through—then another.

The wooden framework, on which the slates rested, formed a series of ladders, of which the boy had just laid bare the topmost rung. He worked his feet in at the hole till they rested on the framework, and so gained a footing, by the aid of which he kicked in half a dozen more of the slates.

But in this case it was not only the first step that counted; he must slip his hands off the ball—it was too big to slip his arms round and down it—in order to get a handhold for his next step. It was a manoeuvre that required the most perfect balance. A thrust backwards an inch too far would send him, heels over head, down into death. There was a profound stillness all around him. Men in the crowd tried to shout for him to hold on as he was till rescue came; but somehow the words stuck in their throats. It was little wonder; they had much ado to breathe.

Second after second rolled by, and still the boy had not shifted his grasp. Then at length they could see his hands unclasp and move inch by inch over the face of the ball, feeling it as a blind man gropes along a wall. They move slowly round till they rest close together against it, pushing outwards. Then comes another pause, as they remain motionless. The boy is balancing himself.

A moment—then the right hand drops swiftly and grasps the base of the ball; another, and the left hand follows. They are clasped round it easily now. Young Michiel draws a long breath, and lowering his right leg, kicks away merrily at a lower tier of slates.

Whether because they are more rotten, or that he has better purchase for his blows, his toe cracks these much sooner. In a trice he has a hand on the top rung of the framework and he is lowering himself easily as down a ladder.

Young Michiel went on cheerfully kicking in slate after slate, and descending foot by foot, till he reached the parapet. Here he was safe. He looked down on the multitude with a waggish smile, waved his cap, and with the merriest shout disappeared down the stair of the tower.

He went home, and was duly flogged. He went to school and raised a revolution there, dethroning the master. He was sent to work in a rope-yard, and neglected to make the rope which his master vowed would hang him in time. He left his work to play, and his play to flight. Finally, Mr. Lampseus, the owner of the rope yard, sought Adrian Michielson.

'That boy of yours is a confirmed rascal. I can do nothing for him. Send him to sea.'

'So I would,' answered the brewer, scratching his head, 'only you see his mother is afraid he'll be drowned if he goes.'

'And I'm morally certain he'll be hanged if he stays. There's a ship of mine sailing next week for the Indies. Send him in her; if he trics any of his capers there——' By way of finishing his sentence graphically, Mr. Lampseus twirled in the air a piece of rope that he held in his hand, and turned away.

On Dec. 26, 1618, Michiel went to sea. Of course he went to the bad? On the contrary, he climbed to the good, and dying, left a name that history cherishes. He wrote it imperishably on the waters, and in the hearts of brave men—the name of Admiral Michiel Adrianzon De Ruyter.

Only Fair.

In a hole deserted
  By a rat or mouse,
Lengthened out and widened,
  Wasps had built a house.
Thick its walls like parchment,
  And on pillars rose
Tier on tier the chambers,
  Where for sweet repose
Stood a host of babies,
  In their cosy beds.
For in wasp-land babies
  Sleep upon their heads!
To and fro the nurses
  Flew all day for food,
Seeking what was wholesome,
  Bringing what was good—
Insects, sugar, honey:
  So the babies grew;
Baby clothes exchanging
  Soon for raiment new.
Far away in China
  As a nice surprise,
Sometimes comes a jacket
  To a statesman wise.
But a yellow mantle,
  With a pair of wings,
Every grub in wasp-land
  Finds among his things!
Dining in a garden
  On a summer's day,
Some of them grew frightened
  Wished to fly away,
For the gardener's helper
  Little Tommy Brown,
Had with cap and shovel
  Struck a comrade down!
But a matron wisely
  Bade them calmly stay
'See,' she said, 'the gardener
  Will be round this way.'
And when Tommy saw him,
  Down he hung his head,
While to him with sternness,
  Wright, the gardener, said,
'Killing wasps, eh, Tommy?
  Now, my lad, t'wont do,
Wasps are good for gardens,
  Just like me and you.
Wasps have saved those fruit trees
  Apricots and plum,
From a crowd of insects.
  And if now they come,
When the fruit has ripened,
  For a trifling share,
Why, say I, just let them,
  For 'tis only fair.'—E. G. Stuart.

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Twenty Per Cent

OR PROFIT VERSUS PRINCIPLE.

(By M. A. Paull, (Mrs. John Ripley) in 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER III.—THE SECRETARY AND THE CLERGYMAN.

The Committee of the Anyborough Temperance Society, at the special meeting called by Mr. Aylmer for the consideration of the subject, decided by a very large majority to engage Mr. Cheer for a week's mission. In talking over the various meetings which it was proposed to hold during the visit of the popular advocate, Mr. Lawrence's aid was largely and freely reckoned upon, in spite of Mr. Aylmer's expressed fears that he would have too much chapel work on hand just at the time, to be able to render them so much of his valuable service as was usual in such a case.

'He'll manage it somehow, or my name's not John Brown,' said one honest member of his congregation; 'Mr. Lawrence's heart is in the right place, and when a man's heart is in the right place, why, it stands to reason that his body'll be there too.'

'Mr. Lawrence should, at all events, preside the first night of the Mission,' said Mr. Clark, the President of the Society; 'there isn't a man in Anyborough who draws so well as Mr. Lawrence.'

'I think you should preside the first night, sir,' said John Aylmer.

'No, no,' laughed Mr. Clark, 'I'll follow when Mr. Lawrence has led the way.

'There's Mr. Adair,' suggested another Committee-man; 'he had better be asked.'

The Secretary remembered the report he had heard about Mr. Adair, but he was a wise man, and determined not to repeat it, until he had seen the clergyman, and ascertained the truth, so he quietly said, 'I will take care to see him to-morrow, and know what he can do for us.'

'Is Mr. Adair sound?' asked another; but no one answered, and the other details being started, soon absorbed the attention, and involved much discussion in the Committee.

John Aylmer almost repented the readiness with which he had undertaken the task of interrogating the clergyman, as he drew near to the rectory. It was a pretty, retired spot, just outside the town, and beyond the unpretentious church, a very plain semi-modern structure, built at a transition stage in architecture, and belonging to no style in particular. Anyborough Church had not even an ivy-colored wall to hide its bare distinctness, and was positively and uncompromisingly uninteresting as a building; but the rectory was beautiful by the wealth of its trees and flowers, the soft grass of its little lawn, and the exquisite clothing of jessamine, and roses, and honeysuckles which enwrapped the house itself.

Mr. Adair was in his garden when John Aylmer reached the low, white gate that separated it from the road, and the two men saw each other at once.

'Come in, Mr. Aylmer,' said the clergyman, with his gentle courtesy of manner; 'come in, we will go into the study, and you can rest after your walk.'

'If I may speak to you here, I would much rather, sir,' said John Aylmer, frankly.

The rector politely acceded to the request.

'Mr. Cheer is coming again, Mr. Adair,' said John Aylmer, 'and it was suggested at our Committee meeting that you should be asked to take the chair at one of his meetings—' the young man paused, at a loss how to proceed.

The rector smiled sadly. 'Mr. Cheer is very bigoted—shall I say? I hardly think he would approve of me as his chairman,' he said.

'Then you are not a teetotaller now, Mr. Adair?' queried John Aylmer.

He felt sure what the answer would be before it came.

'I suppose,' said the Rev. Octavius Adair, 'that I never was a teetotaller quite in the way you understand that word. I am principled to-day, as much as ever I was against all excess. I would not in any way sanction the immoderate use of intoxicating liquors; but I cannot feel it a sin to drink what my Lord made when on earth; and even when I did abstain, I think you know it was entirely for the sake of my example to my parishioners.'

'Pardon me,' said John Aylmer, 'I too believe, with you, that our Lord Jesus Christ made wine, yet not, as you believe, intoxicating wine; but the "new wine" as it is found "in the cluster," in which there is "a blessing" to-day, even as there was all those centuries ago; the wine he makes every year in every vineyard when the sunshine lingers in the green and purple grapes at vintage time.'

There was a pause, and then John Aylmer resumed:—

'Forgive me, Mr. Adair, if I seem to you wanting in proper respect to one in your position, and so much older than myself; but I have heard a rumor which has troubled me, and you are the only one who can enable me to feel sure that I may contradict it. You have already made me very sad by giving me to understand that you are no longer an abstainer, though I naturally feared this was the case when you left off our little emblem, the blue ribbon; but people are some of them saying in Anyborough that you have become a shareholder in one of these horrid brewery companies, and I will not believe it till I hear it from your own lips.'

'I think I ought to say, in self-justification, Mr. Aylmer, for taking this step, that I had no selfish end in view: I was actuated purely by a desire to benefit my poor neighbors; you know my living is a very meagre one, and my fortune is small. I am crippled on every hand in my best purposes, by lack of funds; that is my only excuse.'

John Aylmer looked distressed, it was a great disappointment to him to be thus confirmed in the truth of the report. To young workers particularly, the deflection of one, whom they have trusted as honest, if not very far-seeing, is a serious business, and a dreadful discouragement.

'I would have given a great deal that this had not happened, sir,' he said, gravely; 'it will damage our movement, I fear, and give occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme.'

'You treat the matter too seriously, John Aylmer,' said Mr. Adair; 'my half-glass of claret is a much more harmless thing than you are willing to admit.' But though he tried to speak cheerfully, his manner belied his words.

'You said just now, sir,' continued John Aylmer, 'that you would not in any way sanction the immoderate use of drink. Can you honestly believe that the brewery of which you are a shareholder, does not push its business? And if you look forward to large profits to be spent in God's service, how else can they be obtained? I would sooner refrain from ever again giving a penny to religious work, than obtain it in such a manner.'

They were walking up and down the pleas-

ant garden paths, amongst the sweet flower beds and the velvety grass, and the rich fruit trees, laden with rosy apples and golden pears, and soft crimson peaches, and rich purple plums, but neither of the speakers had much inclination just then to look at and admire these exquisite works of their Creator. The trouble in their hearts spoilt all.

'I do not think, Mr. Aylmer,' said the rector, sadly, yet with dignity, 'that I shall attempt for a moment to justify my conduct. To my own Master I must stand or fall. Happily we are not the judges of one another in such matters.'

'I hope, Mr. Adair,' returned the young man, 'you will believe me when I say, that it is because we have all of us so much valued your aid in the temperance movement, and are so conscious of your immense influence for good, that this action on your part so disheartens me. If the good people become drink manufacturers and drink sellers, and look upon the profits as God's money, what can we expect of the careless and the bad?'

'I do not think,' returned the rector, 'that we shall do well to prolong this discussion, or I might point out many things which seem to me to mitigate the character of what you are so willing to condemn. But as I have no wish to weaken the strictness and thoroughness of your temperance principles, I would say to you, and all who work with you, go on and prosper.'

John Aylmer could do no other than take the hint thus politely given.

'Good-bye, Mr. Adair,' he said; 'how much I wish that instead of dismissing me with a heavy heart, you could have assured me of your cordial co-operation in the good work we are trying to do in Anyborough.'

The two men shook hands as they reached the gate of the rectory grounds. Mr. Adair's eyes met for a moment the honest gaze of John Aylmer, and they fell beneath it. It was not a pleasant reflection to the clergyman to know that this zealous worker in a noble self-denying cause, would henceforth think less highly of him than had formerly been the case.

But abstainers were very apt to grow fanatical, and believe that drink was the greatest evil under the sun, instead of one amongst many evils, all of which it was the duty of the Christian minister to combat, and the glory of the Christian Church to conquer. Mr. Adair lingered a long while in his garden. Some thoughts would return to him. What if he had gathered around him a group of noble young spirits like John Aylmer, and won their sympathy for ever by fighting with them against what they regarded (and was it not a right estimate?) as the greatest foe to the Christian religion?

John Aylmer walked back past the uninteresting church, and into the busy town, until he reached his quiet lodgings. A little note from Muriel Lawrence awaited him on his table, where the tea had been set by his landlady.

(To be continued.)

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is January, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

A man finds he enjoys best health when he abstains altogether from wine and spirits, and drinks plain water.—Dr. Murchison.

Stepping Stones.

(By Rose H. Thorpe, in 'Temperance Truths.')

'Sponge cake, fruit cake, bread and butter, cold ham and pie,' said Alfred Hastings as he seated himself on the southern slope of a high hill and began to set out the lunch which loving hands had prepared for him. 'Come, Will, mother put up enough for both of us. I told her that you were going with me, and she doubled the quantity for your sake.'

'What a splendid lunch,' said Will, seating himself beside his friend.

'Yes, mother knows how to fix things for hungry boys.'

'What is in that small package?' asked Will.

'That,' said Alfred, flushing rosy and laughing nervously, 'that is pepper and salt for our fish. I told mother that we should have some for dinner.'

'And we haven't caught one yet,' said Will, merrily. 'Well, she didn't make much calculation on the fish, I see, by the amount of lunch she has sent. What is in the bottle?'

'That's beer. Mother didn't know that I bought it; but I guess she wouldn't have cared. She put some in the basket that she fixed for father and Uncle Tom the day that they went fishing.'

'I wouldn't drink it for anything,' said Will, soberly.

'Why not? Beer don't hurt people. It isn't like rum and whiskey; I've heard father say so.'

'That may be, but you couldn't hire me to even taste of it,' said Will, earnestly.

'Why not?' Alfred looked at the bottle as though he half expected to see it explode at his feet.

'Father's dead, you know; he died when I was quite a little chap; but I can remember how, sometimes he would come home and abuse poor mother and beat me. At other times he was very kind to us; but I soon learned that he was never kind when he'd been drinking. Father might have lived years longer than he did if he'd let strong drink alone.'

'It wasn't beer that killed him, was it!'

'No; but beer was one of the drinks that mother made me promise never to touch or taste. Mother was dying when I promised her and wrote my name to the promise,' said the boy tearfully; 'she told me that cider would not make me drunk, perhaps, but it was one of the fatal stepping stones to a drunkard's grave.'

'Tell me all about it, Will,' said Alfred, giving the bottle a spiteful push with his foot.

'Mother put her arms about me,' said Will, 'and I could feel her tears on my face as she asked me to promise her never to taste the drinks she mentioned. She told me that if I simply promised never to drink intoxicating drinks she was fearful that some time I might take the first step toward intoxication without knowing it.

'Won't you tell me the names of the drinks you are not to touch?' asked Alfred.

'Yes, I can't forget, because she had them all written down for me, and after I had promised I signed my name under the pledge she had written. Cider, ale, beer, wines of all kinds, whiskey, champagne, gin, brandy and rum. You see there is quite a list of them, and I would no more break my promise to my dead mother than I would cut my hand off.'

'I break my promises to my mother nearly every day,' said Alfred, thoughtfully. 'There's one thing, Will. I don't believe that you will ever be a drunkard, and I've half a mind to sign that paper myself.'

'Oh, do, Alfred. I don't believe you'll ever be sorry if you sign the pledge and keep it.'

'Let me see. You call cider, beer and wine all stepping stones, do you? Well, that shows that I've taken several steps toward intoxication. Now, I believe I'll turn about and walk back, and this shall be the first step.' The boy arose to his feet, and, picking up the bottle, threw it as far as his strength would permit. It struck on a large rock which jutted out from the bank of a little brook running along at the base of the hill on which the boys sat. As the bottle struck the rock it broke into hundreds of pieces, which flashed a moment in the sun, then fell into the brook.

'Mother said that father tried so many times to reform,' continued Will, when Alfred was again seated beside him, 'but father had to fight against an appetite which was stronger than he, and it conquered him at last. Now, I don't intend to allow myself to get such an appetite as that, and the only safe way is to let strong drinks of every kind altogether alone.'

'That's so,' said Alfred, nodding his head emphatically, 'but we'll have to drink something now the beer's gone. Do you suppose the whole brook and the spring down there are spoiled for drinking purposes by having that beer spilled in the water!'

'I guess not,' laughed Will, and, taking the glass, he ran down the hill, and soon returned with it filled with sparkling, cold spring water.

'I don't see what people want of anything better than this,' said Alfred, as he took a long, refreshing drink from the glass.

We cannot say that those two boys would have become drunkards if they had taken the beer with their lunch that afternoon on the hillside, or that this stepping-stone would have led to larger ones; but it is altogether probable that the appetite for strong drink would have grown with their growth, and slowly and steadily fastened its vise-like coils about them, until it would have been almost impossible to free themselves from its power.

There are several bright, intelligent boys of our acquaintance, who began the downward course on fishing excursions. Boys who took the first downward steps, in company with other boys, while eating their lunch, and already the fatal consequences are manifest in nearly every case.

One ran his course of dissipation young. His constitution was not rugged enough to stand the strain put upon it, and he died in the bloom of his youth before his twenty-second year.

Another is spending a long term of years in the State's Prison at Jackson, Mich., for a crime which he would never have committed had his habits and his associates been different.

The rest are all leading idle, worthless lives, and their future record of misery, disgrace and poverty is sure, unless some unforeseen event arouses them to a sense of their danger, and they begin to fight against intemperance before it is too late.

A Propos.

In selecting a publication don't let bulk, or cheapness, or premiums outweigh your better judgment. Neither the family food nor the family reading are matters to trifle with. Purity and wholesomeness should be the first consideration in either case. The result will be healthy minds in healthy bodies. Good quality often costs more but is always the most satisfactory in the end.

Dying for a Drop.

(C. J. Whitmore, in 'The British Messenger.')

Sitting by the quiet house fireside, the wind and the rain beating upon the windows, the fire blazing and roaring, as it blazes and roars on winter nights only, the day's work done, pen, desk, and room offering an inviting welcome. Just the time to jot down something that has been floating on my mind for many a day.

'You are wanted, sir; a wild-looking woman is waiting in the passage to see you. I could not ask her farther in, for she is ragged and dripping with wet.'

—So the trim, quiet, servant, who is quite accustomed to all kinds of visitors; she 'didn't like it at all at first, but is quite used to it now.'

I go to my visitor; she is standing on the mat, and the rain is pouring from her garments as she stands.

'What has brought you out on such a night?' I inquire.

'I have come to fetch you to see an old acquaintance,' she replies. 'Do you remember Maggie Smith? I see you do; well, she asked me to come and see if you would visit her; she is lying in "the Rents" in Westminster, and wants you.'

—One quiet, regretful glance at fire, desk, pen, then the waterproof coat, thick boots, and the beating wind and rain.

Through the choking gutters, over the plashy roads, past the flickering gas lamps, out of the decent thoroughfares, into courts and alleys that even this rain could not sweeten, and after a prolonged conflict with the tempest, that was not without its pleasantness, we reach 'the Rents.'

A small square of houses two stories high, worn out, squalid, fever-smitten at their best; at their worst—never-failing, swift adjuncts to hospital and infirmary beds and paupers' graves. A small flickering lamp on the staircase made darkness visible up the rotten, dangerous stairs, and we turned into the small back-room. The only furniture was an iron sauce-pan, a yellow basin, and an old box. In the broken-down grate a few grey ashes were smouldering away, an old lamp upon the mantel-piece gave light upon some rags in a, corner upon which dressed in rags and covered with an old quilt, a woman lay, tossing in utter unrest of body and soul.

Black hair, streaked with grey, piercing black eyes wildly roving, never still; pallid face, full, deep, red lips; over all, clear witness that there lay the wreck of something that might and ought to have been infinitely brighter and better; but as she lay her own mother would have hated to recognize the child of her love.

'You have come,' she said, in a soft, refined voice, startling out of harmony with her appearance and surroundings; 'I knew you would, though this is not much of a place to come to, and I hear the wind and rain; you have come, and I am glad; I have waited for you with such unutterable longing that the minutes have seemed hours as I have watched for you; but now you are here and I shall get what I am longing and praying for.'

'And what is that?' I ask.

'Something to drink!' she replied. 'I am "dying for a drop!"

'Do you mean to say that you have sent for me to tramp miles through wind and rain for this?' I inquired angrily.

'Yes, I do!' she replied, 'and I don't see why not; but do let Bet fetch the whiskey; give her a shilling, only one, and I will pray for you as long as I live! I had no money—nothing left to part with, all my friends are tired out, there was only you left, and I am longing for a drop! Don't say no. If I asked you for bread, or meat, or tea, or coals you would give at once; the whiskey won't cost more, and it's more to me than all other things put together now.'

If she had been starving for food or perishing with cold she could not have turned more wildly-beseeching eyes upon me. I was utterly confounded, all ideas of right and wrong seemed to turn upside down; if she had raved, had uttered oaths, had asked food, that would have been ordinary experience; but to hear the soft, refined, beseeching tones so touchingly pleading for that which had wrought her such evil was something so new and confusing that I found myself uncertainly debating what to do.

'I must not, I dare not, I ought not!' I said at length; 'you know the evil the drink has done you, and how can you ask me to give you more?'

'How can I ask?' she repeated; 'because I want it so. Come nearer and let me tell you; the doctor was here this afternoon and he told Bet it was all over with me, that I should be gone before the morning. I asked him to order me something to drink, and he turned and went down-stairs without a word. But you won't be so hard-hearted, I know; I should be glad if you would read to me and talk to me, but I could not listen with this raging within. Just a very little would do for a time, and then I want to tell you something before I go. If you will only give me a very little I will tell you the other things that I sent for you to hear, but—just a little whiskey first.'

'Ask me for anything in reason,' I rejoined, 'and I will most gladly do it for you; but it would cost me never-ending regret to give you strong drink now;—I ought not, I will not.'

'Bah!' said Bet, as she left the room, 'I told you it would be of no use; and, if I had not fetched him, I'd have had it out of him for you before now; but I'll try down-stairs if I can't get enough for half a quartern; if he hadn't come through wind and rain to see you I'd have made him give it you!'

She clattered noisily down the rotten stairs, evidently bent upon procuring some strong drink by any possible means. While she was gone I sat looking at Maggie in silence, for I saw it was useless to speak of anything else while that awful look of expectancy was upon her face.

It was not long before Bet returned with a white mug lacking its handle, in which was the spirit so craved for. She looked defiantly upon me as she tenderly raised her companion, slowly poured the strong liquor into her quivering lips, and after all was gone she left the room.

'Now,' said Maggie, 'I shall be strong for a little while; it's like the old life and strength I had before I loved it—while it lasts—and I'll tell you what I want to say while I can.'

'You know how many times I have come to you; each time I meant to give up drinking, but I never did. The truth was, my father was an officer in the church and he dealt in strong drink; from my earliest childhood it was all round me. I used to smell it always—then I came to taste it—then to like it—then to love it. Before I was sixteen I would drink as much as I dared whenever I could get it. My mother was dead; my father was always engrossed in the business, and for a long time he did not see; but I think he suspected at last, for he sent me from home to a boarding-school. There I had plenty of money but no drink at all, until I had time to watch which of the servants liked to drink; then it was easy. I gave her the money, she procured the drink, and we had it secretly when we could. After I left school I was put to learn dressmaking; I think I really loved learning, and I know I was clever at my work, and, now that I had my liberty when work was done, I could do as I pleased, and have all the drink I could pay for.

'But, just then, the drink lost its hold upon me entirely. I had become acquainted with a young man, and we came to love each other dearly. Like myself he was well educated and exceedingly fond of poetry. Not like me, as I had been, he could not bear even the name of strong drink; it was something about his mother, but I never asked particulars and he never told me; he never spoke of it but once.

'Time went on; we were happy, he at his work, I at mine, until the old love of the drink returned and seemed to haunt me. The thought of it never left me asleep or awake; I bore it as long as I could, then I thought I would quiet myself by having just a little, and I went into a tavern to get it. There the very smell of it seemed to madden me with lust for it; the more I drank the more I wanted; I became quarrelsome when they would serve me no more, and they thrust me out. I was staggering from the thrust on the pavement and should have fallen into the gutter, but a man caught my arm and held me. I turned upon him in unreasoning anger and looked in his face; there I saw eyes that I knew dilated with horror, lips that I loved quivering with disgust and shame. He helped me to the wall and left me. I have never seen him since.

'But the pure love died out of my heart, and the love of the drink took its place and kept it. It was not like his love, for it never left me through good or ill.'

Her voice had grown very tender while she was speaking; the power of memory, excited by the drink, had carried her back into the past, and she evidently lived again the days she described.

'I have had many a bitter fight for it,' she continued; 'sometimes I could go without for weeks together, then my skill procured me clothing and a decent home. Again I must have drink, and home and clothing and money all went for it. I never made companions; no other man ever spoke of love to me; the drink destroyed my first dream, and I never dreamed again. I have seen many reverses—sometimes dressed well, quiet, respectable, outwardly happy, but never for long; at other times I would have to sleep in common fever-stricken lodging-houses, going from thence to make the

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dresses of fashionable ladies, sometimes sleeping in the market, sometimes in doorways, and even in that den of horrors, the casual ward. My father sent me money and I drank it away, until he heard how I was living; then he cast me off and died, they said, broken-hearted about me. I did not care—I could not—I only wanted to drink and forget all unpleasant things.

'Ah! it was good to drink, for then all I had lost came back to me; then I was back at school innocent and happy; then I was learning my business and enjoying it; then best of all, the time came back when "he" loved me and we spoke of the happy life we hoped to lead when we were wedded and had a home of our own. To wake from such dreams to what I had sunk to was torture, and the dreams only came with the drink. It is no wonder I loved it, gave up all for it, never could leave it, and I love and crave for it still.'

While she was speaking the excitement of the drink gradually left her; a grey awful shade was stealing over her face, and she was silent for a brief space of time. A spasm of pain aroused her, and she said, 'Call Bet! call quickly!'

I went to the door and shouted for her friend; as if waiting for the summons Bet was speedily in the room and looking down upon her.

'More drink, Bet,' she said, 'more drink, I'm dying for it.'

But even Bet saw the time for more drink was gone for ever as she sank, shudderingly, upon her knees by the ragged bed.

'More drink!' again cried Maggie, 'only once more! Bet, don't be hard-hearted now! Minister, give me the last thing I shall ask for!'

'Let me read—let me pray with you,' I entreated; 'pray for yourself, or it will soon be too late.'

'I don't want reading, I don't want prayer—it "is" too late for these; I want whiskey, and I must have it. It has been home, love, Bible, mother, father, religion to me. Let me have some once more, only once; I tell you I'm dying for it. Ah!' she screamed, 'I never thought of it until now, but I'm going where they are always "dying for a drop," and begging for it in vain.'

With one terrible convulsive spasm the grey shade settled down upon the face, never to be lifted any more.

Out, most gladly, into the wild night to buffet with wind and rain, thinking, as I strove on homeward, that I would not be concerned with the making or sale of strong drink for all the money that ever was coined; thinking also how such makers and vendors would meet those they had lured to destruction before the Judge on the Great White Throne.

'At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'

'Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and flee away.'

The Difference.

A broker, returning to his office after a lunch with a client in which a good deal of wine had been drunk, remarked complacently to a visitor, 'The world looks different to a man when he has a bottle of champagne in him.' The visitor looked at him significantly and replied, 'Yes, sir, and he looks different to the world.'

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The Starless Crown.

Wearied and worn with earthly care, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose.
I thought while slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.
A gentle touch awakened me; a gentle whisper said,
'Arise, O sleeper, follow me!' and through the air we fled;
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.

Still on he went; my soul was wrapped in silent ecstasy;
I wondered what the end would be, what next would meet my eye.
I know not how we journeyed, through the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.
We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold;
We passed through streets of glittering pearl, o'er streets of purest gold,
It needed not the sun by day, nor silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,
And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns, from every clime were there;
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne.
'All worthy is the Lamb,' they sang, 'the glory His alone.'
But, fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face,
And as I gazed, He smiled on me, with wondrous love and grace,
Slowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
Had gained the object of my hopes, that earth at length was past.

And, then, in solemn tones, He said, 'Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow, adorned with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed on Me, and life, through Me, is thine,
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?
Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow;
For every soul they led to me, they wear a jewel now;
And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy deed,
If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.

'I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of life alone,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,
And thus in blessing those around, thou had'st thyself been blest.'
The vision faded from my sight; the voice no longer spake;
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I feared to break,
And when, at last, I gazed around, in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit fell, o'erwhelmed amid that vision's awful night.

I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below—
That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to show,
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.
And now while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
'To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me.'
And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth divine.
'They that turn many to the Lord bright as the stars shall shine.'

Lady Frederick Cavendish, in a recent address at Lincoln, expressed herself of the opinion that if women took up the battle of Temperance, that battle would be three parts won. She felt there were five dislikes. The first dislike was that of joining anyone and working with them; the second was that of taking a prominent part in the matter; the third was a very common one, and it was that they feared to be thought extreme. Then there was the terrible dislike of affronting anyone. Fifthly, there was a very insidious dislike to having extra responsibility. She did not think those were five great difficulties. She also went on to say that their part in the work was to stop the drink amongst their own sex, and she urged those present to do something in a spirit of self-sacrifice, so that others might benefit.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Jan. 11, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Supernatural in India—By S. Eardley Wilmot, in 'Temple Bar.'
A Trip through Siberia—Correspondence of the Boston 'Transcript.'
Gold and Diamonds in British Guiana—'Mining Journal.'
Arcadians of West Virginia—Washington 'Star.'
Roosevelt, Aristocrat—New York 'Evening Post.'
Control of the Canal Route—New York 'Tribune.'
Lord Rosebery on Municipal Duty.
The Birmingham Riot—By an eye witness.
Our Overseas Cousins—by Alph. Gagnon, in the 'Revue Canadienne.'
Arbitration on a Business Basis—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
International Trade Problems—Papers read before the American Economic Association.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Late Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A.—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Sir Henry Raeburn—'Morning Post,' London.
Spurious Pictures—'Daily Mail,' London.
Metal Lace—New York 'Times.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Persian Epigram—By Edwin Henry Keen in 'The Outlook.'
Sonnet—By Gerald Gould, in 'Westminster Budget.'
Mr. Sun's Story—By Richard Le Gallienne, in 'The Cosmopolitan.'
Winter Trees—Poem by Katharine Tynan, in 'The Spectator.'
A New Life of Queen Victoria—By the Duke of Argyll—'Daily News,' London.
The Reading Public—Part I.—By Andrew Lang and 'X.', a Working Man, in 'Cornhill Magazine.'
Bacon-Shakespeare—New York 'Post.'
A New History of Queen Mary—'The Academy,' London.
Modern French Fiction—'The Pilot,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Centenary of the Steam Engine—By H. G. Archer, in 'Daily Mail,' London.
The Stars and Their Names—The 'Spectator,' London.
Frost on the Pane and Elsewhere—'The Literary Digest.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

Maudie Manning Forgets the 'Golden Rule.'

(Clara Spalding Brown, in 'Cottage and Hearth.')

Maudie Manning was seven years old, and her mamma had at last consented to let her go to school. Maudie had learned to read quite well at home, but she was very anxious to go to the pretty little school-house, with the other children.

So she was very happy now that she was in the 'First Reader,' and was one of Miss May's pupils. Maudie was a pretty little girl with blue eyes and long golden curls, and she was always dressed very nicely, for her mamma had plenty of money, and was very fond and proud of her only child. Maudie soon became a great pet with the girls and boys she met at school, and they praised her so much, and gave her so many bon-bons that she began to get a little spoiled. The teacher would take Maudie in her lap and kiss her, every day, and tell her that she was 'the sweetest little girl that ever lived,' and Maudie began to think she was very nice indeed, and that everyone else must do just what she wished them to. She was going home from school one day, with some other little girls, and they were having a fine time together, when all at once they turned a corner, and saw a little girl ahead of them, carrying a large bundle, although she was not much larger than Maudie. She had no shoes or stockings on, and her clothes were very poor, but they were whole and clean. She

wore a faded calico sunbonnet, very different from the pretty hat on Maudie's head. Now what would you have done if you had met such a poor, little, lonely girl? This is what Maudie did. 'Oh, see that little rag-a-muffin," cried Maudie to her mates, so loud that the child heard every word. Maudie had heard one of the big boys call poor Jack Holly a 'rag-a-muffin' that day, and though she didn't know just what it meant, she thought it would be cunning to call this barefooted girl a 'rag-a-muffin.' 'What an old sunbonnet!' said Maudie; 'and see her toes all black with mud!' For there had been a shower that day, and the ground was still damp. The little girl looked up as she heard these unkind words, and two great tears came into her brown eyes, and rolled down her pale cheeks. She looked down at her bare feet and wished she could cover them up. Maudie and the other girls passed by, laughing at her.

That night Maudie's mamma was taken very sick with a kind of fever that people were afraid of, and who should come to take care of her but the mamma of the poor, barefooted girl that Maudie had made fun of. She was a poor woman, obliged to work very hard sewing, to earn money with which to buy food for herself and her child; but she was not afraid of catching the fever, when Mrs. Manning's fine friends would not go near her. She took care of the sick lady night and day for three weeks, and 'saved her life,' the doctor said. When Mrs. Manning was better and could sit up in bed and look around her, she said to her nurse, 'I think I must have seen you before somewhere. You look like someone I used to know, but I can't think who it is.' 'Do you remember Laura Newton, who went to the same school with you in New York ?' asked the nurse. 'Why, yes!' cried Mrs. Manning. 'She was so very rich, and was so good to me. Can it be that you are Laura Newton ?' 'Yes,' said the nurse. 'My name is Mrs. Bennett now, and I have lost all my property. My husband is dead, and I am obliged to work for my living.' My dear friend,' said Mrs. Manning, 'you shall not have to work so hard again. I owe my life to you, and I can never do enough in return for your great kindness.' Maudie was lying curled up on the pillows beside her mamma, and heard every word. She was sent away when Mrs. Manning was first taken ill, and had only come back that day, when there was no longer any danger of her taking the fever. All at once she burst out crying, and said, 'Oh, mamma, you don't know what a naughty girl I've been; but I'm so sorry! I'll be just as good as I can be to make up for it.' 'Why, what is it, my dear child ?

Do not cry so, but tell me all about it.' 'Oh, mamma, the very day that you got sick I made fun of Lottie Bennett, and called her a rag-a-muffin, and it made her feel so bad, I know, for I saw her crying when I looked back. And I'm so ashamed of it! I want to give her my Lily, and she may have her carriage, too.' Now Lily was Maudie's very best and biggest doll, and the carriage was a beauty that was hung on the Christmas tree for Maudie, so you may know that she really felt very badly to think that she had been so unkind. Mrs. Manning was very sorry to hear that her darling little girl had behaved so rudely to poor Lottie, just because she could not wear fine clothes, and had to carry home bundles of sewing for her mother; and she talked to Maudie about the blessed Saviour who loved all little children, no matter how poor they were, and who said, 'Even as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me.' Every time that Maudie looked at good, kind Mrs. Bennett, who had saved her mother's life, she felt how wicked she had been, and she was so good to Lottie that Lottie soon loved her very much, and they became great friends.

Maudie always felt very sorry for poor little children after that, and did all she could to make them happy. Don't you think that is the right way to do?

Helen's Ride with Grandpa

(By Jessie L. Britton, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

One sunny summer afternoon papa and mamma and Helen and the baby were going over to grandpa's. Grandpa had driven over directly after dinner to invite them to go home with him to spend the afternoon and to stay for supper, for grandma had been making chicken salad and cream puffs that day.

'Helen had better ride back with me,' grandpa said, as mamma tied on Helen's pink sunbonnet.

'I should like to, ever so much,' Helen said.

So Helen and grandpa started first, and papa and mamma and the baby and Jack, the dog, followed them. Grandpa's horse was feeling unusually well that day, and Helen thought it was great fun to ride so fast; they soon left papa and mamma and baby far in the background. But Jack didn't intend to be left behind if he could help it, so he began to run very fast, and in a few minutes, giving several sharp little barks, he darted past grandpa's horse.

Now, old Dan didn't like dogs a bit, and he seemed very angry when Jack ran past him, for he shook his head in an ugly way and began to run. Faster and faster he ran, until grandpa couldn't control him, and Helen was compelled to cling to grandpa's knee in order to stay in the waggon.

Away they went, down through the woods, around the bend in the road, entirely out of sight of papa and mamma, past the blackberry bushes that hung full of plump ripe fruit, where Helen had hoped grandpa would stop the horse, and let her get out and pick a few berries, for the berries were always particularly sweet and juicy in that particular spot in the woods; but they were going so fast Helen hardly noticed the bushes when they passed them.

In one place there was a little hollow in the road, and when they went through that grandpa's hat flew off. Helen wondered why he didn't stop the horse and get out and pick it up, for, although she was beginning to be frightened, she did not realize that old Dan was really running away with them.

On, on they went. Grandpa braced his feet against the dashboard of the buggy, pulled very hard on the lines, and began to talk soothingly to the horse. Grandpa knew if they could not stop Dan before they came to that sharp turn in the road they would be thrown out.

At last grandpa brought old Dan up in a thick clump of bushes by the roadside, and then he jumped out very quickly for so old a man, and helped Helen out. The dashboard was broken so that it leaned almost over on old Dan's tail, one holdback was unfastened, and worst of all, so grandpa thought, the tears were running down Helen's cheeks.

'You're not hurt, are you, dearie?' he asked, patting the top of Helen's pink sunbonnet with a hand that trembled.

'I guess I am; I'm going back to meet papa and mamma,' and Helen walked slowly away, thinking she never should dare to ride with grandpa again.

And what do you think papa and mamma were talking about all this time? They noticed how fast old Dan was going, and when they saw him whisk out of sight around the turn in the road, mamma said, 'I know that horse is running away with them, for father never drives very fast. Did you notice how Helen's pink sunbonnet looked when they went out of sight? The poor child hates to wear sunbonnets dreadfully, and if she is killed, I never shall forget how that sunbonnet looked. Do hurry along, and overtake them if possible.'

So papa took out the whip, and mamma and papa and the baby rattled along after grandpa and Helen. When they saw grandpa's hat in the road papa turned very pale, and mamma said brokenly, 'They're killed, I know they're killed, and we shall find them soon.'

They met Helen limping slowly up the road, and then mamma said, 'Oh, she isn't quite killed! Oh, my poor child! where are you hurt?'

'I guess my leg is broken; I feel dreadfully,' and Helen cried very hard for a few minutes.

Then papa and mamma found out, after asking a great many questions, that grandpa and Helen were not thrown out after all, and that Helen's leg was not broken, and that grandpa was waiting with old Dan just a little way down the road. Helen got into the waggon with papa and mamma, and they drove to the place where grandpa was waiting for them; then they all drove slowly along until they reached grandpa's house.

Of course grandma was deeply interested in the story of the runaway, and she said if old Dan ever acted so foolishly again, they would certainly sell him, which threat old Dan probably heard, for he never ran away with any one again.

All that afternoon Helen could not keep her thoughts away from the ride. She didn't want to play with the gray kittens, or to do any of the many things she usually did when she went to see grandma. And for more than a year after that Helen couldn't be persuaded to ride with grandpa.

Shouldn't you think old Dan would have been very much ashamed of himself when he thought that he had behaved so badly that a little girl didn't dare to ride with her grandpa for more than a year?

LESSON V.—FEBRUARY 2.

The First Persecution.

Acts iv., 1-12. Read Matthew v., 10-12; Revelation vii., 13-17; Acts iv., 1-31. Memory verses.

Golden Text.

'There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.'—Acts iv., 12.

Daily Readings.

Monday, Jan. 27.—Acts iv., 1-12.
Tuesday, Jan. 28.—Acts iv., 13-22.
Wednesday, Jan. 29.—Acts iv., 23-31.
Thursday, Jan. 30.—Luke xxi., 10-19.
Friday, Jan. 31.—Matt. xxi., 33-44.
Saturday, Feb. 1.—1 Cor. iii., 1-11.
Sunday, Feb. 2.—2 Tim. i., 1-12.

Lesson Text.

(1) And as they spake unto the people, the priests, and the captain of the temple, and the Sadducees, came upon them. (2) Being grieved that they taught the people, and preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead. (3) And they laid hands on them, and put them in hold unto the next day: for it was now eventide. (4) Howbeit many of them which heard the word believed; and the number of the men was about five thousand. (5) And it came to pass on the morrow, that their rulers, and elders, and scribes, (6) And Annas the high priest and Caiaphas, and John, and Alexander, and as many as were of the kindred of the high priest were gathered together at Jerusalem. (7) And when they had set them in the midst, they asked, By what power, or by what name, have ye done this? (8) Then Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost, said unto them, Ye rulers of the people, and elders of Israel, (9) If we this day be examined of the good deed done to the impotent man, by what means he is made whole; (10) Be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand here before you whole. (11) This is the stone which was set at naught of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. (12) Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

Suggestions.

After the marvellous healing of the lame man, Peter and John stood in the temple porch explaining to the people how this miracle had been done, not by any power or piety that they possessed but by the power of the risen Christ working through them. And with the healed man as an illustrative text they preached to the multitude salvation through Jesus Christ the Prince of life.

As they were preaching there the officer in charge of the Temple came with a body of Sadducees and priests and arrested the apostles. The priests were greatly annoyed at these doctrines being preached to the people and they determined to put a stop to the testimony of the apostles as to the resurrection of Jesus whom the rulers had wickedly crucified. They wanted to try Peter and John, but it was too late then as that court could only meet by daylight, so they put the apostles and the healed man in prison over night. But, in the meantime, the preaching had taken effect through the power of the Holy Spirit and thousands believed on the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour and turning from their sins were baptized in his name and joined the body of Christians.

The next day, a meeting of the leading men of Jerusalem was held, Annas, the High Priest, and all his relations were there trying to plan how they could stamp out this new sect which had already grown to such alarming proportions. They called in Peter and John and began questioning them as to the power by which they had worked this wonderful miracle. They wanted to try to make out a case of sorcery against them so that they could condemn them to death on that account, according to the Mosaic law.

But Peter, filled with the Holy Spirit, faced the Council boldly and realized the fulfilment of Christ's promise that in the hour of trial the Holy Spirit would teach the disciples what to say (Luke xii., 11-12). 'Leaders of the people and Councillors,' said Peter, 'we are called to account to-day for a kind act done to a helpless man, and we are asked in what way the man here before you has been made well. So let me tell you all and all the people of Israel, that it is by the authority of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom you crucified and whom God raised from the dead—it is, I say, by his authority that this man stands here before you cured. It is Jesus who is the stone which, scorned by you, the builders, has yet become the corner stone. And Salvation comes through no one else; for there is no other in the whole world who has been named to men as the only means of our Salvation.'

When the Council saw that Peter and John were not at all afraid of them although they were not highly educated or notable men, they realized that they must have had the special teaching in the Scriptures which Jesus gave, and knew them to have been companions of Jesus when on earth. They looked at the man who had been healed, and could say nothing. Then they ordered them never again to speak in the name of Jesus, but Peter and John replied: Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. We cannot but speak of the things which we have seen and heard.

After further threats the Council set them at liberty, and they returned to the rest of the apostles who gave thanks and praised God that he had allowed them to preach the gospel with fearlessness.

Questions.

What miracle had Peter and John worked?
By what power or authority had they done this?
What was the result of Peter's sermon explaining this miracle?
Why were Peter and John arrested?
What did the Council ask them?
How did they reply?
Ought we to obey God rather than men?

The Rejected Stone.

The Jewish rabbis have a tradition concerning one of the stones cut in a distant quarry for the temple of Solomon, and brought to Jerusalem to find its place in the building. But it was of a peculiar shape, and though carved with figures of exquisite loveliness and grace, there was found no place for it, and the perplexed workmen thrust it on one side. During the years the temple was building, it became covered with moss and rubbish, and was the laughing-stock of the workmen as they passed by. But when the temple, shining in marble and gold, was almost completed, and the multitudes were assembled to witness the dedication, inquiry was made for the top-stone, the crowning beauty of the whole. They found it in this despised and neglected moss-covered stone. They cleansed it of its defilement, brought to light its beauty, lifted it to its place amid shouts of joy, and it became the crown and glory of the temple. So it was with Christ. So it will be with the doctrines and principles of Christ. So it has been with many of his servants; the rejected martyrs and prophets have been crowned at last, and sing God's praises to golden harps.—'Peloubet's Notes.'

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Feb. 2.—Topic.—Why I am a Christian Endeavorer.—Josh. xxii., 5. (Christian Endeavor Day).

Junior C. E. Topic.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR DAY.

Mon., Jan. 27.—Endeavor's delight.—Ps. xxxvii., 1-12.

Tues., Jan. 28.—Endeavor's zeal.—Eccl. ix., 10-18.

Wed., Jan. 29.—Endeavor's treasure.—Matt. vi., 19-23.

Thu., Jan. 30.—Endeavor's choice.—Luke x., 38-42.

Fri., Jan. 31.—Endeavor's example.—John ix., 1-5.

Sat., Feb. 1.—Endeavor's goal.—Phil. iii., 12-16.

Sun., Feb. 2.—Topic.—Christian Endeavor Day, (twenty-first birthday). Matt. xxv., 31-46.

Praying Better Than Scolding

(By Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell, in the 'Advocate.')

There were terrible times at John Dick's when he came home drunk. Perhaps it would not have been quite so bad, but his wife had such a hasty temper that she never saw him come home intoxicated, but she called him all the bad names and wished him all the bad luck she could think of.

Of course, it doesn't do one bit of good to say a thing to a drunken man, for he is not in his right mind and cannot understand. It is always better to wait until he is sober, and then talk gently to him if you have to talk at all

But Mrs. Dick would never believe this. She pounced on him at once, making him still crazier by her unkind words, and, as a result, a terrible quarrel would ensue, when Mrs. Dick would sometimes so far forget all decency as to curse and swear equal to her husband. Sometimes Dick would turn his wife and children into the street, and they would have to beg a night's shelter at some of the neighbor's.

There was one Christian neighbor to whom Mrs. Dick told all her troubles.

One day, after going over them all for nearly the tenth time, she said: 'Now, what would you do, Mrs. Dane, if your husband came home drunk and cursed you black and blue?'

'Dear me! I am not certain,' sighed Mrs. Dane. 'I should feel as if nobody but Jesus could help me; so I think I should go right up into my own room, kneel down beside my bed, tell Jesus all about it, and ask him to help me control my temper.'

No, Mrs. Dick had never prayed in her life, and she looked a little foolish as she picked up her baby and returned to her home.

While she was getting supper the mere thought of what John would say if he came home and found her praying made her laugh aloud.

But the more she thought of it the more she wondered if Jesus would help her.

She had heard preached in a little chapel she once attended in childhood that every prayer was answered if only offered in faith, believing.

But how could she believe anything would ever help John Dick to come home always a sober man! and he was growing worse, too; so that he was coming home drunk two or three nights a week now, instead of just on Saturday nights.

Food and clothing were growing scarce as saloonkeepers got more and more of John's money. Mrs. Dick had hard work to get along. To pray might be better than scolding. She would try it. So the next time when John came staggering into the house, she slipped into her room and knelt down beside her bed.

It was only a short time before the husband missed his wife's tongue, and, turning to one of his boys, asked where his mother was.

'Upstairs,' was the frightened reply.

'I—I—'ll—hic—bring 'er—hic—down. Teach 'er to run—hic—upstairs—hic—when her—hic—husband comes,' and here followed terrible curses as he slowly mounted the steps.

When he reached the room door it was partly open and he beheld his wife on her knees, and heard a tearful voice saying, 'Dear Jesus, nobody can help us but you. Please help my husband to come home sober, and please help me to not get mad and loso my temper—' but John Dick did not wait to hear any more. Cold chills crept up and down his back, his legs trembled under him, and a strange awe nearly sobered him.

Creeping downstairs he entered the kitchen where his children were, and, sitting down in a chair by the stove, said: 'Oh, my

God, your mother is going to die; she is praying!'

But soon Mrs. Dick came downstairs and began setting the table, with a peaceful look, though her face was very pale and she started at every movement made by her husband as if she feared his tongue or hand would be raised against her, but his eyes seemed to avoid her. When supper was ready, he stumbled to his place and began to eat, but after a few mouthfuls broke down and gasped out; 'I can't bear to have you praying for such a devil as I am, Annie. What's come over you, anyhow? I'd ten times rather have you scold, for I know I deserve that.'

'I have found that scolding does no good. It is only Jesus can help you,' she said, gently.

'Don't, don't! You're killing me,' groaned the man, and he laid his bleared, bloated face down upon his arms and sobbed aloud.

Annie was by his side in an instant, with both arms about his neck, her cheek close to his.

'I have been a miserable husband to you, Annie, all your life long,' he groaned.

'And I have been a miserable wife,' she replied.

'You are an angel. I heard you praying for me,' he sobbed.

'And you are my husband—more precious than anything else in the world. If you could only overcome your love of strong drink, how happy we would be. Just ask Jesus to help you, John, and I know he will.'

'I think he has heard you, Annie,' he said, taking her hands between his own trembling ones 'I think you will have no more trouble with me;' and she didn't.

Everybody said the change in John Dick was a miracle, but his wife told her Christian neighbor that it was Jesus, and she only regretted she had not gone to him years before.

Nicotine Poisoning.

The evil effects of chronic nicotine poisoning upon the youth of this country are partially set forth in that prince of medical journals, 'The Bacteriological World and Modern Medicine.'

Dr. Jay W. Seaver, medical director of Yale gymnasium, and professor of physical culture in Yale University, has been making a careful study during the past eight years of the influence of tobacco on development. His statistics show that non-smokers were 20 percent taller than smokers, 25 percent heavier, and have a lung capacity 66 percent greater. These figures are very striking. A man who has a lung capacity two-thirds greater has immense physical advantage. His chances for long life are much better and his physical endurance vastly greater. Observations at Amherst showed that in a recent graduating class the non-smokers were found to have gained in weight over the smokers nearly one-quarter. Science recently published the results of an experimental inquiry into the condition of thirty-eight boys of all classes of society of average health who had used tobacco for different periods ranging from two months to two years. Of the thirty-eight, twenty-seven showed severe constitutional injury and stunted growth. In thirty-two there were irregularities of the heart action, stomach disorders, cough, and a craving for alcoholic liquors. Thirteen had intermittent pulse, and one had consumption. All were induced to stop the use of tobacco, and in six months twelve were free from their former symptoms, and by the end of the year the entire number had recovered.—'Morning Star.'

Moral Results.

Beer generally causes mental sloth, a morbid drowsiness of intellect in which to initiate a project is difficult, and, if initiated, execution of it is almost impossible. Anger is unrestrained, and senselessness and brutality prevail. The higher faculties, the nobler passions, give place to animalism, the desire for sensual enjoyment, and utter disregard for others. This is the most degrading kind of drunkenness, and bears a near affinity to criminal insanity. Take any of our large cities, and it will be found that habitually heavy beer-drinkers form a class which has furnished the men who, on the smallest provocation, or on none, have committed crimes, notorious for their ferocity and brutality. Dr. Bock, of Leipsic, sententiously says:—'Beer is brutalizing.'—Dr. Baxter.

Correspondence

Dalkeith, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' and the Correspondence page very well. I have two brothers and one sister. I was seven years old on Dec. 24. My brother and I have a kitten each. We live on a farm; we have seven horses and twenty-seven cattle. Our uncle lives with us; he is ninety years of age. I did not start to school yet, I have a mile to walk, and will have to go alone.

SADIE E. McL.

Buttonville.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I go to school and I am in the part second book. I like our teacher very much; her name is Miss Walker.

DAVID R. W. (Aged 8.)

Bathurst, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live six miles from the old town of Perth. We have ten miles of fine road along here, between Perth and Christie Lake, which is quite a summer resort. I have two miles to go to school. We have two teachers in our school. I have two sisters but no brothers. We have two cats for pets; one is named Tommy and one Mary. I have an air rifle. RUDSDALE A. R. (Aged 10.)

P.S.—I wish you all a Happy New Year.

Quebec.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school, and get the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. We have two cats and a dog; we call him Jack. I have four brothers and three sisters. I go to school and I am in the fourth reader. I like my teacher very much. My birthday is on New Year's Day.

BERTHA L. (Aged 13.)

Quebec.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and I am in the third reader. We have three pets. This is the first time I wrote a letter. We had a Christmas tree, we got five dolls on the tree. I have four brothers and three sisters. My birthday is on July 9.

MABEL S. (Aged 10.)

Portland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. I am in part second book. My papa has a mill. I have two brothers and two sisters. My older brother works at home, and my other brother goes to high school. My two sisters are at home. The smaller goes to public school here. I have three kittens and a 'Jersy' for my pets. My grandpa lives here and is ninety-three years old. We get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school. We like it very much. JULIA AGNES T.

North Georgetown, Que.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Northern Messenger,' and I enjoy hearing the little letters read out. I am just six years old. We have one dog and his name is Collie, and one cat. I am going to school next summer. I will have a mile to walk. Some one is writing this letter for me. A. B. O.

Port Williams, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country. I have great fun in the winter, when we can coast and slide. There are nine in the family: six girls and three boys. I am in the third reader. I have five minutes' walk to school. I am eight years old. My birthday is on June 24. JEAN C.

Sheguindah, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger in the Methodist Sunday-school. We all like it very much. It is the leading paper in our Sunday-school. I like to read your paper very much, especially the Correspondence and the page for Boys and Girls. Seven men from Wiarton built a dock here this summer, which the large boats can call at. O. L.

Chelsea, Mich.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I like the 'Messenger' very much. My grandma has taken it for thirty years; she thinks she cannot get along without it. We live eight miles from Chelsea. We have three horses and a colt; his name is Tom. We have eight head of cattle and eight hogs.

HOWARD M.

St. Catharines, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have seen a number of letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' and I took a notion to write one myself. I have been getting the 'Messenger' at the Congregational Sunday-school, for about six years, and I think it quite a nice paper. I am a paper boy, and I have about two hundred and fifty customers. I have the agency for the Toronto 'Mail and Empire' and the 'Globe.' I have a lot of chickens and a cat without any name. I have three sisters and two brothers. This is all I can think of just now, but I will write again EDWIN M .(Aged 14.)

[We are very glad to hear from you Edwin and congratulate you on doing such a good business, and also attending Sunday-school so faithfully. You are sure to be a successful man.—Editor.]

St. Catharines, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at the day school, and I like it very much. As I have not written a letter before, I will not write a long one. I have no brothers nor sisters. I have only missed four days since Aug. 19, and I am in the fourth reader. For pets, I have a kitten I call Dewey, a dog, named Dash, and a cat, named Nigger. We live seven miles west of St. Catharines, and four miles east of Jordan. Our Sabbath-school has stopped and will not continue until spring. I go to the Presbyterian church at Rockway.

SUSIE W. (Aged 11.)

Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Editor and Readers of the 'Messenger,'—I want to write a few lines for the encouragement of the readers and of Sabbath-school work. We, as a school, would feel at a loss were it not for the Sunday gathering, at three o'clock, to spend an hour studying the Bible. Our school averages from fifty to sixty, and in summer season it is larger. It is held in a school house, surrounded by close neighbors, and nearly one mile from the village of Kingsmill. Mr. Becket has been our superintendent for the past six years; we regret that we are obliged to lose him on account of his moving out of the neighborhood. We all ask for God's blessing on him wherever he goes, and we trust wherever he can be used in God's service, he will be successful in winning precious souls to Christ. We know the Lord has promised a reward if we are faithful; truly this promise is for him if he continues as faithful in future as he has been in the past years. If many of our city brothers had to walk through mud, water and deep snow, two or three miles to Sunday-school, they would surely think the task was a hard one. But, dear brothers and workers, the harvest is great and laborers are few—and the Master wants workers. May we have more cries go out, 'Oh, Lord, Here am I; send me.' We need men who take an interest in the children to instruct aright that in after years the world will be bettered by their living in it. Our school is divided into five classes; the teachers so far have been faithful, and showing by their regular attendance their heart is in their work. May the Lord bless them abundantly is my prayer, and may they be so filled with God's Spirit that it may shine out in their countenance, and, thereby, show to the children they have been with Jesus and learned of him. Oh, how it fills a teacher's heart with joy where we see a boy or girl wanting to learn of Jesus. Now, dear children, if you want to encourage your teacher, show your love and respect by paying deep attention to what is being said, and prepare your lessons so that you can ask questions, no matter how simple they are. I am a lover of Sunday-school work, and love the dear children, and feel grateful as well as proud of the work carried on by the young people of our neighborhood. In connection with the Sunday-school, from four to five o'clock, we have the Union Christian Endeavor meeting. It has been well attended, and good, interesting meetings are held by the young children. Each member seems to have a place to fill; some are particularly interested in missionary subjects, others in temperance, and others in home work. We feel we have much to thank God for the way he is leading the young minds to work for him, still trusting there will be still greater work accomplished in this place. Wishing you all a very Happy New Year, I remain your friend and co-worker, Mrs. W. TROUGHTON.

HOUSEHOLD.

To Keep Strong.

To remain young a woman must keep her joints limber. If neglected, they become painful and stiff. Women groan with rheumatic pains, when, if they exercised properly, rheumatism would be unheard of. Women sit by a fire and shiver with a cold when, if they encouraged gymnastics, the blood would circulate vigorously through the body and the cold would disappear.

The four following simple exercises will greatly help to develop and preserve physical symmetry:

First, stand erect, with hands outstretched on a level with the shoulders, and slowly raise yourself on your toes as far as possible. Retain this position for an intant and then sink back on to the entire foot. Do this twenty times a day at first, and increase each day to a reasonable limit.

Second, place the hands on the hips and, resting all the weight of the body on the right foot, slowly raise the left leg and extend it in front of the body. Then bend at the knee, pointing the toe downward and bringing the foot up. Repeat this ten times at first. Then stand on the left foot and repeat the exercise in reverse.

Third, stand erect, and lean over at the hips without bending the knees and try to touch the floor with the fingers. Day by day you will come nearer and nearer the floor. This exercise will make the body supple and strengthen the back and will encourage grace.

Fourth, extend the right arm and, placing the left on the hip, bend to the right side as far as possible, and then reverse the exercise, which should be repeated ten times at first, and, like all others, increased from day to day as much as circumstances will permit. This is an excellent general gymnastic. No woman should indulge in any exercise to such an extent that even the slightest strain is possible. Fifteen minutes a day spent in exercise at home should result in muscular development and greatly help to retain health.—American Paper.

Teach Care.

Teach children not to waste trifles which they often throw away without thought, and which if saved might be of use to others if not to themselves. Wrapping paper, pieces of twine, odds and ends of various kinds may do service a second time if put away until the need for them arises. The habit of economy is one that ought to be cultivated, for careful saving makes lavish giving possible. Hoarding is not a vice of childhood, nor should it be encouraged, but the wise husbanding of resources for future expenditure is a valuable lesson and cannot be learned too early.

If you are careful, you will not only save, but get more out of what you have already got. When you get a letter, tear the half sheet off. It will save letter paper for making shop lists, etc., on. When you drop a pin or hair-pin, pick it up instead of letting it be swept up in the dustpan. When you see a hole mend it. When you tear anything, stick it together. Always keep your clothes well brushed and neat. Never let a loose hook or a tiny ravel go unlooked after. Keep your shoes tidy with kid restorer and wear an apron when you have dirty work to do.

Use of Women's Clubs.

Writing in the 'Woman at Home' on the part played by clubs in developing the intelligence of women, Madame Sarah Grand says that one of the advantages of the more democratic of these clubs is that women meet there all sorts and conditions of women in some of them, each bringing from her own class something to help the others—the working-woman her energy and industry, the gentle-woman her culture and refinement; and by discussing questions of all kinds, they learn to look at life in the large, and not from the point of view of their own family circle only. How very few women, comparatively speaking, read the newspapers intelligently, or trouble themselves about art or social matters to the extent of having any firm grip of such subjects? How very few can carry on any conversation worth listening to on varied topics such as men continually discuss among themselves? A woman on a railway journey will read a flimsy novelette or a cheap fashion paper, whereas the average man would buy something at least as intellectually stimulating as a daily paper. At the end of the journey the young man has added some trifle to his stock of knowledge; he has found food for discussion with other men; his outlook on life is a little enlarged. But the girl has only excited her fancy, and is sighing for more sensation, for more intellectual opium, and the consequence is that in the long run, she sinks into sensuous apathy, while the young man is making his way in the world. She gradually becomes incapable of helping herself, and as to helping others—she never dreams of such a thing. One knows this sort of girl grown elderly, and always occupied with little pieces of fancy work. Her incapacity betrays itself in every relation of life, and is a misery-making factor to be reckoned with.

Too Busy to be Kind.

'I sometimes think we women, nowadays, are in danger of being too busy to be really useful,' said an old lady, thoughtfully. 'We hear so much about making every minute count, and always having some work or course of study for spare hours, and having our activities systematized, that there is no place left for small wayside kindnesses. We go to see the sick neighbor and relieve the poor neighbor, but for the common, everyday neighbor, who has not fallen by the way, so far as we can see, we have not a minute to spare. But everybody who needs a cup of water is not calling the fact out to the world, and there are a great many little pauses by the way that are no waste of time. The old-fashioned exchange of garden flowers over the back fence and friendly chats about domestic matters helped to brighten weary days and brought more cheer than many a sermon. We ought not to be too busy to inquire for the girl away at school, or be interested in the letter from the boy at sea. It's a comfort to the mother's lonely heart to feel that somebody else cares for that which means so much to her. Especially we ought not to be too busy to give and receive kindnesses in our own home.' May no one be able to say of us that we are too busy to be kind.—'The Young Woman.'

Selected Recipes.

Cream Dressing for Salad: Beat together thoroughly three raw eggs and six tablespoonfuls of cream, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one of mustard, one-half of black pepper, and one teacupful of vinegar. Heat, stirring it constantly until it thickens like boiled custard; if it boils it will curdle; let cool, then mix with salad.

Lemon Pudding—Line a pudding-dish with a nice pie-paste; make a custard of a pint and a half of milk, yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour or corn starch, three quarters of a cup of sugar, and the grated rind and juice of a lemon; pour in the dish and bake, when done, spread whites, beaten, over the top, and brown.

Potato Biscuit—To six finely-mashed potatoes add one pint warm milk, one tablespoon butter, one tablespoon salt, one quart sifted flour, and one-half cup yeast. When light, knead until like biscuit dough, cut out and stand in a warm place until light enough to bake. Bake ten minutes in a quick oven. Serve hot.

'Messenger' Mail Bag

Condie, Assa., Jan. 6, 1902.

Dear Editor,—Many thanks for the nice Bagster Bible received for the four new subscribers to 'Northern Messenger.' It was more than I expected. We all like to read the 'Messenger.' I am a little girl and go to school. We have a new teacher. We all like him very much.

A. M. ARCHIBALD.

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JANUARY 31 1902.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'